

1344 b38

THE

Agreeable Surprise;

R.

A

COMIC OPERA:

AS IT IS ACTED

AT THE

THEATRE, SMOKE-ALLEY,

DUBLIN.

PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

M, DEC, LXXXVII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Sir Felix Friendly,
Compton,
Eugene,
Chicane,
Thomas,
John,
Cudden,
Stump,
Lingo,

Mr WILSON.
Mr BANNISTER.
Mr WOOD.
Mr WEBB.
Mr STEVENS.
Mr EGAN.
Mr KENNY.
Mr PAINTER.
Mr EDWIN.

W O M E N.

Mrs Cheffire,
Cowslip,
Fringe,
Laura.

Mrs WEBB.
Mrs WALLS.
Mrs POUSSIN.
Mrs BANNISTER.

Servants, Peasants, &c. &c.

T H E

AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

A C T I.

SCENE, Peasants in rural Merriment, after Harvest.

Sir FELIX and COMPTON.

C H O R U S.

HERE we sing, dance and play,
Nor perceive the blithe day
Is departing, when gliding so smoothly away.

Comp. Let poets still carol the beauties of Spring,
And love-lorn shepherds of summer may sing;
'Tis Autumn bestows full fruition of joy,
Rich treasure, sweet pleasure,
That never can cloy.

Sir Fel. The yellow leaf falling, presents the wise page,
That bids us lay up for our winter of age;
While labour subsiding, sweetens repose,
And our wealth, rosy health,
From industry flows.

Here we sing, &c.

Sir Fel. There there, get you gone all to the lawn, and
be as merry as good cheer, strong beer, and the pipe and
tabour can make you.

Peas. Long life and happy days to our master Sir Felix!
[*Exeunt Peasants.*]

Sir Fel. O Compton! I am so happy to day! Isn't that
your old servant Thomas?

Comp. Ay, Sir Felix, now my old servant: fidelity roots
the poor fellow in a barren soil.

Sir Fel. Desire Lingo to come here, (*Exit John.*)
Here Thomas drink my health. (*Gives him money.*) We'll
have

A

have none of our verdure wither to day, for want of moisture.

[*Exit Thomas.*
Ah, friend Compton, had you but continued partnership with me to this day, well—Ay, ay, I stuck to Black-well-hall, till I converted my wool into a golden fleece. You must, like a silly sheep, go privateering, and so be fleeced by the French and Spaniards.

Comp. Why, Sir Felix, no reflections on the part you have taken, I thought it more honourable to be shorn in facing the foe, than in safety to carry back a branded fleece, by flying from the enemies of my country.

Sir Fel. Well said, my old battering ram. You're a loyal subject, and shall never be without his Majesty's picture, while I have a collection. A friend to the King should never want his countenance. You're a true patriot too; and it's a pity, that a lover of his country should ever be in want of the blessings she produces. But come, give me the song that first set you agog on privateering.

Comp. Sir Felix, I shan't repine at my private losses so long as we can keep the dominion of the sea, and preserve the Trident put into our hands, by our valiant forefathers.

S O N G.

Thus, thus, my boys, our anchors weigh'd,
See Britain's glorious flag display'd!

Unfurl the swelling sail!
Sound, sound your shells, ye Triton's sound!
Let ev'ry heart with joy rebound!

We scud before the gale.
See Neptune quits his wat'ry car,
Depos'd by Jove's decree,
Who hails a free-born British tar
The sov'reign of the sea.

Now, now we leave the land behind,
Our loving wives and sweethearts kind,
Perhaps to meet no more!
Great George commands! it must be so;
And glory calls; then let us go!

Nor sigh a wish for shore.

For Neptune, &c.

A sail a-head, our decks we clear;
Our canvas croud; the chase we near;

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In vain the Frenchman flies.
A broadside pour'd through clouds of smoke,
Our Captain roars—My hearts of oak!
Now draw and board our prize.

For Neptune, &c.

The scuppers run with Galic gore;
The white rag struck, Monsieur no more
Disputes the British sway.
A prize! we tow her into port,
And hark! salutes from every fort,
Huzza, my souls, huzza!

For Neptune, &c.

Sir Fel. Thank ye, thank ye, old partner! Od! I'm so happy to day!

Comp. Pray, Sir Felix, may I beg to know the cause of this happiness, and these extraordinary preparations?

Sir Fel. Why Compton, 'tis necessary you should know this day is a *triple* festival, a little calendar, man; my birth day, harvest home, and Laura's wedding.

Comp. My daughter! To whom, Sir Felix?

Sir Fel. To my son.

Comp. Eugene! I'm surpris'd!

Sir Fel. I love to surprise people with good news.—
You know this was always my intention.

Comp. And is this all certain?

Sir Fel. True as that you have brought up my son as yours, and I your daughter as an orphan that I had adopted. You know they love each other, and in this union of hearts my grand point is answered. I am so happy, that my son, by thinking himself not worth a shilling, has escaped the soppery and ideas of dissipation he might have imbibed from a knowledge of being heir to my fortune; and in your Laura I shall have a daughter-in-law possessed of sense to distinguish merit, though linked to poverty, and generosity to reward it with her heart.

Comp. Dear Sir Felix, this goodness to a child of mine is a measure I—

Sir Fel. You wicked man, would you oppose goodness?—Ha, ha, ha! this is pleasant. Laura loves Eugene, tho' she thinks he's not worth a groat; and though he doats upon her, yet, awed by her fortune, the poor fool

sighs at humble distance. Yes; and egad! there were folks sighing for him too. Why, do you know, Compton, he has made a conquest of a rich cheesemonger's widow in the Borough, who supposing him much poorer than herself, forced money upon him to lure his affections. Ha, ha, ha! this old mouldy widow will have him in spite of his teeth; and thinking him still incapable of repaying her in coin, actually designs to hunt him with an attorney, and follow him here into the country, to force him into marriage. Ha, ha, ha! but where's Eugene now? because the bridegroom's presence is necessary at a wedding you know.

Comp. I left him at home drawing.

Sir Fel. At study how to get his bread by scratching upon copper, or daubing canvas, ha, ha, ha!

Comp. True, Sir Felix. From the idea he has Fortune still to court, he is diligent in improving every grace, and acquiring every accomplishment that can render him worthy of her favour.

Sir Fel. And Laura in London, laying out a few hundreds I gave her this morning.

Comp. Without an idea that I am her father, or even breathing but from your bounty. O Sir Felix! to so many obligations in the scale, gratitude is a feather.

Sir Fel. Then keep it to yourself, you feather-headed goose, arn't we to be happy?—Compton, you took me into partnership with you, when all my stock was a little honesty, a poor capital as the world goes! I have now the means, you the inclination. And were you rich and I poor, I know you'd act by me, as I mean to do by you. Here! Lingo, Lingo!

Comp. I see you have brought home your new butler.

Sir Fel. Yes, Sir! but he's a curst fellow, as ignorant as dirt. It seems he has been a schoolmaster here in the country, taught all the bumkin fry what he calls Latin; and the damn'd dog so patches his own bad English with his bits of bad Latin, and jumbles the Gods, Goddesses, Heroes celestial and infernal together at such a rate; I took him to oblige a foolish old friend of mine, who intended him for Saint Omers; so I must keep him to draw good wine, and brew balderdash Latin.—Lingo!

Comp. I see a carriage coming down the avenue.

Sir

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Sir Fel. Eh! it's Laura. Step you home for Eugene.
D'ye hear, Compton? not a word till I break the matter
myself. Edod! they'll be as happy!

Comp. I am sure they will be perfectly so.

S O N G.

The virgin lily of the night,
Aurora finds in tears;
But soon in tuff of native white
Her fragrant head she rears.
No longer droops, distress'd, forlorn,
But fresh and blithe as May,
She rises to perfume the morn,
And smiles upon the day.

The limpid streams of noble source,
That miles in darkness flow,
Emerging in their devious course
Translucent beauties shew.
O'er golden sands they gently glide,
Unruffled with the gale,
Reflecting heaven with splendid pride,
As rolling through the vale.

[*Exit.*]

Sir Fel. I'll puzzle 'em a little first though; their surprise and joy will be the greater.

Enter Laura, Fringe and William, with hand-boxes, &c.

Sir Fel. Eh! Laura! welcome home my girl.

Lau. I thank you, Sir.—Here, Fringe, take these things into the house.

Frin. Yes, Madam.

[*Exit.*]

Sir Fel. Here we are, eh!—very well.—Laid out all your cash! Well, well.—Did-n't run in debt I hope?

Lau. No, Sir; your kindness amply supplied me.

Sir Fel. That's right. But come—your journal.

Lau. Now will he pretend to rail at my extravagance, altho' he delights in every wish of mine. (*Aside*) First, Sir, I rattled up to my Milliner's in Bond-street.—Mrs Bufont has a charming taste.—There's a cap, Sir;—the very crown of elegance!

Sir Fel. And cost a crown in silver, I warrant now!

Lau. A crown! dear Sir, it's cheap of three guineas.

Sir

Sir Fel. Three guineas!—Bond-street!—They make mighty pretty caps in Cranbourn-alley.

Lau. True, Sir. But if we don't yield a little to the fashions of the times, we shall make a rusty appearance to our polished neighbours of the Continent.

Sir Fel. Laura, I like a medium. I'll neither rust in particularity, nor will I be a weather-cock to every puff of fashion.

S O N G.

To an Irish Tune.

In Jacky Bull, when bound for France,
The gosling you discover:
But taught to ride, to fence, and dance,
A finish'd goose comes over.
With his tierce and cart, sa, sa!
And his cotillion so smart, ha! ha!
He charms each female heart, oh, la!
As Jacky returns from Dover.

For cocks and dogs, see 'squire at home,
The prince of country tonies!
Return'd from Paris, Spa, or Rome,
Our squire's a nice Adonis.
With his tierce and cart, sa, sa!
And his cotillion so smart, ha, ha!
He charms the female heart, oh, la!
The pink of macaronies.

Sir Fel. For a trip or so, I should have no objection to a snuff at the air of Fontainbleau; should like to see the little chapel at Loretto, or the great tun of Heidelberg, or the Escorial, the bull feast, the goblins, tapestry, or, no offence to his Holiness' great toe, to pop my nose into the Vatican. But after all, I should be unfashionable enough to prefer little England to all the gardens and fountains of France, and palaces and conversazioni of Italy.

Lau. I apprehend, Sir, I should be somewhat of your opinion in that particular.

S O N G.

The tuneful lark, as soaring high
Upon its downy wings,

With

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With wonder views the vaulted sky,
And mounting sweetly sings.
Ambition swells its little breast,
Suspended high in air;]
But gently dropping to the nest,
Finds real pleasure there.

[Exit.

Sir Fel. Ha, ha, ha!—Poor Laura. I'll surprise you presently.—Lingo!—Where is this crazy butler of mine? Lingo!—O! here he comes at last. Now will he pester me with his damn'd barbarous Latin.—Lingo!

Enter Lingo.

Lin. I'm here, Domine Felix.

Sir Fel. Domine! I'll Domine your blockhead against the wall, if you Domine me.

Lin. I won't, Domine Felix.

Sir Fel. Again!

Lin. I've done, Domine Felix.

Sir Fel. Are your knives and glasses, and every thing ready for supper?

Lin. All ready, Domine Felix.

Sir Fel. O damn your Domine!—Pray, Lingo, stir and be clever;—a great deal to do;—and I beseech you, let me hear no more of your cursed Latin.

[Exit.

Lin. My cursed Latin! a blessed ignorant family this I have got into!

Enter Cudden.

Cudden, whither so fast?

Cud. I am going upon the lawn to be merry, and to dance with my sweetheart Cowslip the dairy-maid. We'll have such game!—

Lin. Game! Cudden, you must know the Olympic games were propria quæ maribus mascula dicæ.

Cud. I know nought of French, master Lingo. I loves to hear good English, because as why, I speaks good English; and so good bye, meisteir butler.

[Exit.

Enter Stump.

Lin. O Farmer Stump!

Stu. I cant stay.

Lin. You can't stay! O you Adonis of the wood!—
Ut sunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.

Stu. I don't understand Greek.

[Exit.

Lin. Ay, ay, all my Latin's Greek to these people,
you

With

you unhappy clowns, oh you Cyclops! They know nothing, nor won't be learned. Not a soul in the house will listen to me but Cowslip the dairy-maid; and she's going to jig it upon the lawn with the dancing fawns and rusty bumpkins. And here she comes.

Enter Cowslip, with a bowl of cream.

My sweet Cowslip, properly called Cowslip, Nominative hanc, hunc et hoc.

Cow. I have put the hock into the syllabub, Mr Lingo, and here it is!

Lin. What a sensible soul it is!

Cow. Will you take it within, Mr Lingo!

Lin. No, Child. I prefer the air, Zephyrus, Æolus, Boreas, and other gentle breezes will attend us here. I love the fragrant gales. Cowslip, sit down. You're a noun adjective, and must not stand by yourself. Let's have a toast.

Cow. I'll go bake one, Sir.

Lin. No, I'll make one. Here's that the masculine may never be neuter to the feminine gender.

Cow. Here's that—ay, here's the masculine to the feminine gender. (*drinks.*) O Lord! I left out the neuter.

Lin. You were right. Recte, puella. I know these things, child, so did Ovid and Cæsar.

Cow. What, Cæsar, the great dog, Sir?

Lin. No, child! Julius Cæsar. Romulus and Remus were suckled by a wolf. They ravished the Sabine girls, and found Rome in Italy.

Cow. Ah! such fellows would find room any where.

Lin. Jupiter was a fine god. He swam on a bull to Europe. He went into a flash of fire for Semele.

Cow. Yes, Sir, he'd go any lengths for his ale.

Lin. I mean his amours.

Cow. O ay; he'd drink with Moors or Turks either.

Lin. Drink! who?

Cow. Who! why Jew Peter, the old clothes man.

Lin. O cælum in terra! for all my conversation, I find you know no more than the parson of the parish. Ah, Cowslip, if you was a goddess! The goddesses knew men and things.

Cow. More shame for 'em, Mr Lingo, I say!

Lin.

Lin. Jove loved an eagle, Mars a lion, Phœbus a cock, Venus a pigeon, Minerva loved an owl.

Cow. I should not have thought of your cocks, lions, your owls, and your pigeons, if I was a goddess—give me a roast duck.

Lin. If you was Flora or Ceres!

Cow. Serus! I am ferus.

Lin. O Cowslip, the great old heroes!—Perhaps you have never heard of Homer, Moses, Hercules, or Wat Tyler!

Cow. No indeed, Sir, not I.

Lin. Cowslip, don't love the Clowns. That fellow, that Cudden, is a colossus of the road. He's a clown, a mere pheasant; and yet, I suspect this Faunus, this young Silenus is the deity, the great Pan of the dairy.

Cow. I could not set my cream, Sir, without a pan in the dairy.

Lin. O Cowslip, the fine gods but for a mortal exit Homo.

S O N G.

Such beauties in view, I
Can never praise too high;
Not Pallas's blue eye
Is brighter than thine.
Not fount of Susannah,
Nor gold of fair Dana,
Nor moon of Diana,
So clearly can shine!
Not heard of Silenus,
Nor tresses of Venus,
I swear by Quæ Genus!
With yours can compare;
Not Hermes' Caduces,
Nor flower de luces,
Nor all the Nine Muses,
To me is so fair.

C H O R U S.

What posies and roses,
To noses discloses
Your breath all so sweet!
To the tip of your lip,

B

As

Lin.

As they trip, the bees dip,
Honey sip, like choice slip,
And their hybla forget.

When girls like you pass us,
I saddle Pegasus,
And ride up Parnassus,
To Helicon's stream :
Even that is a puddle,
Where others may muddle ;
My nose let me fuddle
In bowls of your cream ;
Old Jove, the great Hector,
May tipple his Nectar,
Of Gods the director,
And thunder above :
I'd quaff off a full can
As Bacchus or Vulcan,
Or Jove the old bull can,
To her that I love.

Chorus—What posies, &c.

SCENE.

Enter Laura.

Where can Eugene be ? at home, over his books and painting, I suppose. He'd be here if he thought I was come back. Yes, he is all tenderness and attention ; but his diffidence and provoking respect almost make me angry sometimes. How a little absence endears to us the object of our affection ?

Enter Eugene.

Eug. You have been in London, madam.

Lau. Just returned, Eugene. Why will you call me madam ? you know I don't like it.

Eug. Impute my offence to the real cause, my respect to my divine Laura.

Lau. Send your respect back to its source, the bounty of Sir Felix.

Eug. My love, you have my heart, my life. But when I reflect on the distance my fate has thrown me from you, it checks my presumption. I endeavour to hide from myself

myself contempt, and would, if possible, shrink from my own opinion.

Lau. What was I, Eugene? a poor, abandoned orphan; and but for the kind attention of Sir Felix, I should be a wretched outcast, and experience the cold reception poverty must expect from a hard and fordid world.

Eng. O my love, had we been born humble villagers, with my Laura I should have been happy.

Lau. And I too with my Eugene.

D U E T.

Happy, harmless, rural pair,
Void of jealousy or care;
Emblems of the blest'd above,
Sharing pure seraphic love?

By the brook beneath the shade
Of the lofty poplar laid,
Chearful strains awake the grove,
Dulcet notes of peace and love?

Say ye proud, ye rich and great,
Circled round with noise and state;
Real pleasures can ye prove?
No, 'tis found in rural love.

They retire up the stage.

Enter Sir Felix and Compton.

Sir Fel. Compton, look there, a pair of turtles. Look, see there's looks of love.

Comp. Unfeigned affection indeed, Sir.

Sir Fel. Egad! I'll surprise them. I'll disturb their tranquillity.

Comp. Dear Sir—

Sir Fel. Be quiet man: Their joy will be the greater afterwards.—Ha! Eugene! my boy, we han't had a dish of chat to-day.

Eug. The loss was mine, Sir.

Sir Fel. Compton, now for it.—Laura, do you know that I am very happy to-day?

Lau. Dear Sir, you never can be happier than I sincerely wish you.

Sir Fel. I thank you, child—Yes, yes—Ha, ha, ha! I delight in a wedding.

Lau. Sir!—

Sir Fel. We are to have a wedding under this roof to-night, Eugene.

Eug. Indeed, Sir!

Sir Fel. Yes; I am going to marry.

Eug. Who, Sir?

Sir Fel. Laura.

Lau. Me, Sir!

Sir Fel. Yes; I am going to marry you to my son.

Eug. Son! Have you a son, Sir?

Comp. He has, Eugene; a son worthy of such a father.

Eug. And he is to be united to Laura!

Sir Fel. Yes, Eugene, he's a good lad, I'll assure you you'll like him exceedingly, Eugene, Egad! you'll never be out of his company. But he's at hand to bless my hopes, crown my wishes, and end my cares. You've no objection, Laura?

Lau. Gratitude, Sir, must ever make your will the guide of mine.—Till now I never felt the loss of a parent.

Eug. Never till now did I regret the want of a fortune. *[Aside.]*

Comp. My heart bleeds for them. *[Aside.]*

Sir Fel. Nonsense! When happiness comes unexpected, it brings a double blessing, and cheers like the sun from behind a cloud.

QUINTETTO.

Sir Fel. O how sweetly pleasure's tasted,
Usher'd in by grief or pain!
Ever joy, some joy is wasted;
Give me sunshine after rain.

Comp. A trial so severe discovers
True affection's real charms:
Hapless, happy, faithful lovers!
Soon you'll bless each other's arms.

Sir Fel. Oh exquisite pleasure!
Oh joy beyond measure!

What

What say you, my Laura? what say you,
my friend?

Then hey for a wedding!

And hey for a bedding!

And hey for a baby at nine months end.

Lau. { Celestial patience, meek-ey'd maid,
and { Impart thy lenient power!
Eug. { With calm content 'tis thou must aid,
And cheer the adverse hour.

Sir Fel. We'll be merry, by jingo;
I've got some old relicks
Of Bacchus—why Lingo!

Enter Lingo.

Lin. Here *Domine Felix*.

Sir Fel. You know my choice old sack,
Go fetch a dozen bottles;
Brave Bacchus we'll attack,

Lin. And bibo all our throttles.

Sir Fel. A feast's not worth a fig
Without a lusty jorum.

Lin. Hey populorum jig,

CHORUS.

Hey populorum jig,
Hey jiggo populorum.

A C T II.

SCENE, An Inn.

Draws and discovers Mrs Cheshire and Chicane.

Chicane.

SO, my glass of brandy and water is finished, and by
this time the horses are putting to.

Mrs C. We'll be upon him. He has got my letter by
this; and Sir Felix Friendly, who lives here below, has
given me notice of Eugene's intentions to marry an or-
phan girl somewhere here in the country; but I think

I'll

I'll forbid the banns. You've the writ ready, Mr Chicane?

Chi. In my pocket. But, Mrs Cheshire, I trust you'll let no tender qualm prevent the execution of it, in case the young man, this Eugene, shall refuse to marry you.

Mrs C. Tender qualms! you're a good lawyer, I believe, Mr Chicane, but you are little read in the heart of a woman. No, Sir; the more we love, the more we hate, when that love is slighted. And am not I right, Sir? not a better filled cheese-shop in the Borough than mine. What would the fellow have? and pray, Sir, an't I a wife for any man?

Chi. Wife! ay, and a good wife too, Mrs Cheshire, And what's better, there's plenty of you.

Mrs C. Ah! that's what my poor dear husband used to say. The good soul died of a surfeit at the London Tavern. Ay, mere curds and whey;—wouldn't do for a city feast. Delicate as Parmesan, Mr Chicane. Why, wife, says he, you're an honour to Tooley-street. A noble Cheshire, cast in a Dutch mould. If he still refuses my hand and property.—

Chi. To prison he goes. Yes, I have got a bailiff that I think will have him. Yes, my bailiff's an agreeable fellow. Tom Touch has a most taking way with him. Yes, he'll sleep in the King's Bench to night.

Mrs C. Ay, as sure as you have two ears upon your head, Mr Chicane.

Chi. Then he's safe enough.

[*Aside.*]

Mrs C. Yes, to prison he goes; and I think I am right, Sir.

Chi. Right! If not, Madam, I would not be concerned for you. I like to be on the right side; and in my last cause particularly, I lent an ear to justice.—She never repaired it though.

[*Aside.*]

Mrs C. Come, Mr Chicane, rise—O! I hope the poor beasts have fed. A tolerable pull to draw you and me in a gig from London.

Chi. Only two hours and four minutes. You are an excellent driver, Mrs Cheshire.

Mrs C. A pretty work, Sir, in such weather, driving my gig after a fellow! I protest, Sir, though my dear husband

husband had a confirmed asthma, and was sixty-eight when he died, I gave myself more trouble about this Eugene, though the fellow is in sound health, and is only twenty-four.

Chi. All from your good nature, Mrs. Cheshire.

Mrs. C. Oh! If my poor dear husband was alive—But he's better where he is.

SONG.

In choice of a husband us widows are nice,
I'd not have a man would grow old in a trice;
Not a bear, or a monkey, a clown, or a fop,
But one that could bustle and stir in my shop.

A log I'll avoid, when I'm chusing my lad,
And a stork, that might gobble up all that I had;
Such suitor's I've had, Sir—but off they might hop,
I want one that can bustle and stir in my shop.

The lad in my eye is the man to my mind,
So handsome, so young, so polite and so kind!
With such a good soul to the altar I'd pop,
He's the man that can bustle and stir in my shop.

SCENE, A Chamber.

Enter Sir Felix and Compton.

Sir Fel. Ha, ha, ha! she's come, Mrs. Cheshire is come, and brought an attorney upon him. How he will be surprised! A letter is her harbinger, and they'll be here in five minutes. Ha, ha, ha!

Comp. I had not a notion 'twas you sent for her, Sir Felix.

Sir Fel. I knew I'd surprise you. Ha, ha, ha!—We'll see how he'll fight it out. Egad! they'll surprise him. How finely he'll be hampered! An ideal rival on the one side, and a real attorney on the other. Ha, ha, ha!

Comp. And tantalized with forbidden fruit in the remotest affection of my Laura.

Sir Fel. Ay, but when I snatch him from the attorney and the fat cheese-monger, and bless him with an affluent fortune and his dear Laura, how he'll be then surprised!

Comp. Why certainly the winding up will be the best of the joke.

Sir

Sir Fel. Joke? I live in a joke. A hearty laugh is my lease of happiness; and on the farm of fun I'll be a tenant for life.

S O N G.

Sir Fel. Some love great bowls to quaff,
Some like a dog and gun;
I love a hearty laugh,
Give me a bit of fun.

I lik'd a maiden's charms,
And after her did run:
I took her in my arms,
Says I we'll have some fun.

With laugh and joke and play,
At length her heart I won;
To church we went so gay,
And then we had some fun.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Eugene.

Eug. I wish I could get an opportunity of speaking to Laura. I won't return to Sir Felix in such a perturbed state of mind. Company, conversation is——

Enter Lingo.

Lin. Do Sir, come in and take a glass, do, Sir, pray come in, and bibo a little with your father and Domine Felix; they are gone laughing into the parlour, and I have opened a bottle for 'em.

Eug. Well, Lingo, my respects to Sir Felix, and I shall do myself the honour of waiting on him at supper.

Lin. No, Sir, 'tis I that am to wait on him at supper, because I am the butler. Do, pray, Sir, come in to meo magister. You'll be heartily welcome to Domine Felix, I'm sure; and that the wine is good, bona veritas I'm sure; for I took two glasses just now at the side-board.

Eug. Why then, pray go in and take another. Primo, secundo, tertio, Mr Lingo.

Lin. Primo, secundo, tertio! Mr Eugene, you know something, I know a little too. You have studied. Pray, Sir, was you an Oxonian, or a Cantab;

Eug. What an infernal fellow!

[*Half Aside.*]

Lin. An infernal fellow! O then you wore a square-

cap.—I'll pose the infernal fellow of Oxford.—Pray, Sir, can you decline the amatum supine to a lady that's fine?

Eug. I find you are a great scholar. Mr Lingo.

Lin. Scholar! I was a master of scholars.——

—Scio scribendo, I can read. Legere, I can write. Tacitorum Latinum, I can speak Latin. But then, quid opus mihi usumque scientie? what need have I of so much knowledge? No one listens to me but Cowslip the dairy-maid, and I admire her sapience, for she's as docile as a young elephant.

S O N G.

Amo, amas,

I love a lass,

As a cedar tall and slender

Sweet Cowslip's grace

Her nominative case,

And she's of the feminine gender.

Chor.—Rorum corum, Sunt divorum,

Harum scarum Divo,

Tag rag, merry derry, perriwig and hatband,

Hic, hoc, horum genitivo.

Can I decline

A nymph divine?

Her voice as a flute is dulcis;

Her oculus bright,

Her manus white,

And soft, when I tacto, her pulse is.

Chor.—Rorum, corum, &c.

O how bella

My puella!

I'll kiss secula seculorum:

If I've luck, Sir,

She's my uxor,

O dies benedictorum!

Chor.—Rorum, corum, Sunt divorum,

Harum scarum, Divo,

Tag rag, merry derry, perriwig and hatband,

Hic, hoc, horum genitivo.

Enter Thomas.

Eug. Well, Thomas.

Tho. I've been taking a mug of ale at the Griffin, Sir; and a lady just come from London desired me to give you that there letter. [*Exit.*

Eug. Mrs. Cheshire's hand, my old Calypso of Tooley-street. [*Read.*

"Sir,

"I wish I could say dear Eugene; but you know you are unworthy of such an epithet, yet my good nature obliges me to repeat the offer of my hand, which if you again reject, my attorney has instructions to sue you for the money my goodness lent to your necessity. Yours, if you please, MARGERY CHESHIRE.
"P. S. I and my attorney will be with you immediately."

"Sdeath! to be pestered at such a time with such a fulsome, teasing old fool! her cash that she absolutely forced upon me—What shall I do with her, a silly, ridiculous—Eh! egad! suppose I—Ha, ha, ha!—a thought strikes me. It will involve her in a ridiculous situation.—I'll procure her a more honourable reception than she expects. Ha, ha, ha! Yes. Thomas shall set it a going through the family. I'll tell it to him as a secret, and he'll tell it over the house, and the more marvellous the easier swallowed.

Enter Thomas.

Tho. O Sir, I've been looking for you. The Lady got here as soon as her letter. She is in the little parlour, and—

Eug. Hush!

Tho. Sir!

Eug. Thomas, I know you're honest.

Tho. That I am, Sir, as any servant in—

Eug. Thomas, can you—shut that door; can you keep a great secret?

Tho. Leave me alone for that, Sir.

Eug. O Thomas, its of the greatest consequence. If known, it may lay our country in ruin.

Tho. I won't tell a word of it, Sir.

Eug. Not for your soul.—Then, you must know—come this way—that lady that gave you the letter, and that's now in the little parlour, is a Russian Princess.

Tho. A Princess!

Eug.

Eug. The Princess Rustifusti. She fought a duel —

Thom. A Princess fight a duel!

Eug. With a great Count of the holy Roman Empire. She was run through the Sword-arm; but the noble Count's wounds were said to be mortal; so she has fled to England for safety: and if she's discovered, we must give her up: then Thomas, she'll be beheaded.

Tho. Poor noble soul!

Eug. Ay, Thomas; such a Princess knows all languages, and English most correctly. Now, Thomas, if you mention this—

Tho. Me! not for——

Enter Fringe.

Eug. Hush! not a word especially to a woman. [*Exit.*]

Fr. And why not to a woman, pray?

Tho. Because it's a secret.

Fr. A secret! I must know it.

Tho. O Mrs Fringe, if you would not speak of it——

Fr. Come, tell me.

Tho. Then you must know—shut the door—this way—the great lady in the little parlour is a Russian Princess.

Fr. A Princess!

Tho. The Princess Rusky Fusky. She killed two Counts of the holy Emperor. She's here incog—And if she's taken, her head will be chopped off. Not a word of that, Mrs Fringe; for it is a rascally thing to tell a thing once you're intrusted with it.

Fr. So it is indeed, Thomas.—— [*Exit Thomas.*]

A Princess! I'll wait upon her. She may prefer me to be one of her maids of honour.

Enter John.

John. Did you see Mr Lingo? I want some cake and wine for this strange gentlewoman here in the parlour.

Fr. Gentlewoman! well, I find some people know more of some people than some people. But when people intrust people with people's secrets, people are not to tell them to all the people people meet.

John. Hey! the devil! what a crowd of people's here!

Fr. Eh! no, we're alone—Shut the door—John, if you knew—you won't tell any body.

John. Tell; did I tell of the bottle of burnt claret the other night, though I stole it from Mr Lingo myself.

Fr. No, you have discretion, John.—John, that gentlewoman, as you call her, in—but it is the greatest secret—she is the great Russian Princess Rusky Fusky.

John. The Princess Rusky Fusky!

Fr. She was set upon by five holy Roman Empires.—The dear lady had nothing but her fan and her scissars; and with these she defended her honour, with her back against a tree, till she laid the five holy Roman Empires all dead at her feet. If she had staid, she would have had her head severed from her body; so she called for her own maid, a faithful sensible body like me, one that never blabbed,—she packed up her portmanteau, crossed the seas, and landed at Blackheath. If she's taken—John don't tell, as her life's in danger.

John. Her life in danger! damme if I'd tell for half a crown.

Fr. I believe you, John, I assure you I wou'dn't have told you, only I know you can keep a secret as well as myself. [Exit.]

John. Can one get any thing by it though?

Enter Cowslip.

Cow. What cream is wanted for the morning, John?

John. Ha! my dainty dairy-maid!

Cow. Ha' done, do. I shou'dn't have thought of your impudence, John. [Bell rings.]

John. Zounds! I forgot the wine and cake for the Prin—gad! I'd like to have popt it out.—Ah, Cowslip I could discover—

Cow. I don't care what you discover of me. Why did Mr Lingo tell then?

John. What?

Cow. O, nothing.

John. Damn the old wig-block, he has the ear, and I fancy the lip too of every woman in the house.

Cow. Why, you're as tall, and your leg is not amiss when you're behind the coach. But why don't you speak the Latin tongue?

John. I've more regard to decency, than to curse and swear to innocent women because they don't understand.

Cow. Does Mr Lingo do so? Certain and sure he does come out with his nouns sometimes.

John

THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

John. Cowslip, I'll tell you the secret if you'll affront him.

Cow. Ods-daify! but I'll huff him; will that do? I'll pull his wig. He's mighty proud of his wig. Now what's the secret, pray?

John. The secret is—(*Bell rings.*) Coming.—Don't tell. We've a great Princess in the house.

Cow. A Princess! odds-daify! that's fine.

John. The Russian Princess Rusky Fusky.

Cow. The Princess Rusky Fusky!

John. She killed six knights of the holy Roman Emperor. She is in disguise here. The constables are after her with a search warrant, and she'll be hanged if she's taken. You have the secret now, and pray keep it, for my sake. (*Bell rings.*) Coming, coming.

Cow. Keep the secret! ay, that I will.—Lord! I'll go to the princesses Ruskus Fusky, and then I must make haste to the lawn, or all the sports will be over, and Cudden my sweet-heart gone home, or may hap dance with another girl. John and Mr Lingo.—Ah! after all, I find Cudden has skimmed the cream of my affections.

S O N G.

Tune, Corn Riggs are bonny.

Lord, what care I for mam or dad?

Why, let 'em scold and bellow:

For while I live I'll love my lad,

He's such a charming fellow.

The last fair day on Gander-green

The youth he danc'd so well-o.

So spruce a lad was never seen,

As my sweet charming fellow.

The fair was over, night was come,

The lad was somewhat mellow;

Says he, my dear, I'll see you home,—

I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along, the moon shone bright,

Says he, if you'll not tell-o

I'll kiss you here by this good light,

Lord, what a charming fellow!

You

THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

You rogue, says I, you've stopp'd my breath,
Ye bells ring out my knell-o!
Again I'd die so sweet a death,
With such a charming fellow.
O here comes Mr Lingo, with his gibberish and his non-
sense.

E ter Lingo.

Lin. O my sweetest of Cowslips, duleis puella! by my dexter and sinister manus, your antic Caleb sings to Pegasus to see you.

Cow. What do you say, you're in pain to see me, Mr Lingo?

Lin. Gerunds, declensions, verbs and adverbs.

Cow. I should not ha' thought of your herbs.

Lin. Aid me, amor, the eight parts of speech, singular, plural, nouns and pronouns!

Cow. Mr Lingo, I does'nt love cursing and swearing.

Lin. Nominativo hanc, hunc et hoc.

Cow. Hock again! Your drunk with hock for my part I believe. I desire you'll ha' done, do. [*Gives him a push.*]

Lin. Ha' done, do! Hear this you azure woods, you purling plains, you verdant skies, you crystal swans, ye feathered fountains, trinkling groves, you cooing kids, ye capering doves! She's in the imperative mood. O damnatus, obstinatus mulier!

Cow. Do you say I'm a damn'd obstinate mule?—
How dare you call me names? I'll pull your wig for you, that's what I will [*Pulls his wig.*]

Lin. If my scholars were to see me now, they'd never let me whip them again in secula seculorum.

Cow. For all your lorums and larning, I could larn you somewhat, if I had a mind, Mr Schoolmaster, but it's a great secret, or I could tell you the big lady in the little parlour is the Princess Ruskus Fuskus; how she killed seven whole Roman Emperors; and how she'll be hanged in chains if she's catch'd; and I could have told you every word if I pleased; but you sha'nt know a syllabub of it from me, that you sha'nt, Mr Schoolmaster. [*Exit.*]

Lin. Multum in parvo. What a discreet slut it is to know all this, and wou'dn't tell even me, because it's a secret! The Princess Ruskus Fuskus in our house! this is indeed

indeed a secret, pro bono publico. This cowslip is the very flower, the daffy-down dilly of dairy-maids.

S O N G.

Of all the pretty flowers,
A Cowslip's my delight:
With that I'd pass my hours,
Both morning, noon and night,
To be sure I would, &c.

This Cowslip smell'd so sweetly,
And look'd so fresh and gay,
Says I, your dress'd so neatly,
We'll have a little play.
To be sure we will &c.

One evening in the dairy,
'Twas lying on the shelf,
I kiss'd the pretty fairy,
And then laid down myself.
To be sure I did, &c.

This flower one morning early
Upon a bed did rest;
I lov'd to pull it dearly,
And stick it in my breast.
To be sure I could, &c.

SCENE.

Enter Eugene.

Eug. So, as I expected, my secret has gone through the family, and my cheese-monger is a Russian Princess.

Enter Laura.

Lau. O Eugene, I hear Sir Felix's son is actually arrived,

Eug. Then, my Laura, though bitter the separation, I bid an eternal adieu to you and happiness.

Lau. Do you leave the country, Eugene?

Eug. Can I stay to see my dearest Laura—think what I would say:

Lau. Nay, Eugene, do tell me.

Eug. Sir Felix's son is arrived, and—Can I see you in the arms of another?

Lau

Lau. Ah, Eugene, if you go—do you, can you think your Laura will stay behind?

Eug. Generous Laura! but Sir Felix has set his heart upon your union with his son. To his bounty my father and I owe our very existence. And shall I, like a viper, turn and sting my kind preserver? No Laura. Though in the possession of you, my love, I comprise all hope of happiness; yet, in my mind, the height of human bliss is dearly gained, when purchased by an action of dishonour.

Lau. I ask your pardon, Sir.—I see my error—I shan't be ungrateful to Sir Felix.—I'll give my hand where he commands, though my heart may burst.—Oh! Eugene, I did not think you'd use me thus.

S O N G.

Ah! why take back the vows you gave,
Or wish to part with mine?
My heart is still your willing slave,
Tho' your's I must resign.

A bird whose vows did first engage,
Tho' anxious to remain,
Enamour'd of its golden cage,
You'd now let loose again.

You lull'd me in a dream of love,
A gay illusive shew;
And when the substance I would prove,
You wake me into woe.

Eug. I cannot bear this, and fear love must triumph over gratitude.—And have you fortitude, Laura, to face the world with me?

Lau. Try me. And not even the elements shall part your faithful Laura from her beloved Eugene.

Eug. Generous Laura!

S O N G.

My Laura, wilt thou trust the seas;
For poor Eugene quit home and ease,
And certain peril prove!
Then constancy
Our pilot be,
As all our freight is love?

The

Tho' Boreas wears an angry form,
And threat'ning clouds portend a storm,
No chearing star above ;

Let constancy, &c.

Our bark shall bravely stem the tide,
'Till skies clear up and storms subside,
And peace returns her dove ;

If Constancy, &c.

SCENE.

Curtain draws and discovers Mrs Cheshire sitting down, Lingo, John, and William ceremoniously waiting.

Mrs C. My patience is almost wearied out. Very strange I can't see Eugène.—Oh dear! a glass of water, if you please.

John. Yes, Madam.

Lin. Madam! John don't know she's a princess; and I can't do her proper homage before these Cyclops. John, you may both retire.

John. Mr Lingo's not in the secret. (*Aside.*) Mr Lingo, pray bow respectfully to her.

Lin. Do you teach me that have taught hundreds? Centum, docentum, you vile licitor! Take your face out of the room, go. Am not I the domestic god, the very Lary of the family? Go. (*Exit John.*) Don't be afraid, No body knows you but me.

Mrs C. These Kentish servants are very civil.

Enter Cowslip with a bowl.

Cow. Some of our English cream for your royal reverence.

[*Kneeling.*]

Mrs C. My royal reverence!

Lin. Take the glass, please your Catholic Majesty.

Mrs C. My Catholic Majesty!

Lin. Cowslip, leave the presence.

Cow. I have no more presents than the bowl of cream.

Lin. Cream! you shallow Pomona!

Cow. Well, till now I always thought your great Russians wore whiskers.

[*Exit.*]

Lin. Don't mind that girl, most learned Musty. She's a more English Druid, most divine bard.

D

Enter

Enter John, with cake.

Lin. John, this honour is too great——

John. Mr Lingo, I was ordered——

Lin. John, I do not love a common Demosthenus.

John. Sir, I——

Lin. Go out, unmannerly homo, go! (*Exit John.*)
The most impudent canus in our domus.

Mrs C. This is wine. A glass of water, if you please.

Lin. In vino veritas. You get not water in this house.
Some cake for your faithful majesty.

Mrs C. My majesty! O, this is mere diversion.—I sent a letter just now from the Griffin to Mr Eugene.

Lin. You sent it! Yes, he got a letter from the Griffin.—Take some cake. Vivitus, we live by eating and drinking, please your grace's holiness.

Mrs C. My grace's holiness! pray harkee, Sir, does your master tolerate you to—but I—I'm cool.

Lin. Cool! she wants the Russian stove. We have no such in England, great Ottoman; but I'll immediately get you a chafing dish of hot coals for your sublime port.
[*Exit.*]

Enter Fringe.

Fr. (Kneeling.) Please your royal highness!

Mrs C. My royal highness!

Fr. I am my young lady's own woman, your royal highness.

Mrs C. I am no royal highness, madam.

Fr. O! I know your royal highness very well; but I'd scorn to betray your royal highness, as it was in defence of your virtue you killed the Roman Emperors.

Mrs C. I kill the Roman Emperors!

Fr. A Russian princess!—Give me our own royal family after all.

Mrs C. All mad in this house, I believe.

Enter Lingo, with a cloak.

Lin. You will have the hot coals presently. In the mean time throw this Russian fur cloak over you. Mr Compton wore it in your cold Eastern ports. You were wounded in the sword-arm, great Rustifusti.

Mrs C. Yes, this fellow's mad.

Lin. Those Roman Emperors that attacked you were mere Tarquins, depend upon it. That chair is too low for
for

for your highness! Here is another. It is higher and more fitter for your eminence.

Enter Thomas.

Tho. (Kneels and whispers.) Your highness is discovered. Mrs C. Highness! All mad. I've got into bedlam sure.

Lin. (Laying hold of Thomas.) Whisper a princess! Why, Thomas, you fancy yourself Cardinal Wolsey in this house.

Tho. O! if you knew, Mr Lingo—

Lin. What? Quid opus?

Tho. A secret. I met an attorney and a bailiff at the door.

Lin. An attorney!—turn out. *[Turns him out.]*

Mrs C. It's my lawyer. Open the door.

Lin. Let in an attorney!—Are you mad, great potentate?—Oh, oh!

Mrs C. Open the door.

Lin. The lawyer will betray you, commander of the faithful.

Mrs C. Open the door, I say!

Lin. Sit quiet, great Rustifutti.

Mrs C. Am I to be shut up here with a madman? Open the door I insist. *[Rises.]*

Lin. Her serene highness is in a passion. She'll never be taken alive. Yes, she'll kill the attorney. There is a case of pistols. There is a broad sword. Heavens! how she'll fight! Here, now, defend yourself, brave Rustifutti.—

Mrs C. Open the door, I say.

Lin. Yes, she'll shoot the attorney. Stay, till I get up here.—Now prime, and fire away, brave Bellona.

Enter Sir Felix and Compton.

Sir Fel. Don't be alarmed, princess. Though your person's known here, you're safe by all the laws of hospitality.

Lin. Stand out of the way, Domine Felix, till Rustifutti shoots the attorney.

Com. Why this is Mrs Cheshire, our Southwark cheese-monger.

Lin. A cheesemonger! O Cælum et terra! And have I studied Syntax, Cordery, Juvenal, and Trisfram Shandy

to serve wine on my knee to a mighty cheesemonger!—
But there is one thing I can never forgive in sæcula sæcu-
lorum.

Com. What's that, Lingo?

Lin. Her not shooting the attorney.

[*Exit.*

Enter Chicane.

Chi. So, so, the party has absconded.

Mrs C. Eugene!

Sir Fel. My son run away!

Chi. With the young lady of the house I think.

Com. My daughter!

Sir Fel. Tol, lol, lol!—Ha, ha, ha! This is good. To
avoid each other, gone off together. Ha, ha, ha! I'm so
happy.

Enter Eugene and Laura.

Sir Fel. So, you ran away to be married, I suppose?

Eug. With that intention, Sir, I confess.

Lau. Dear Sir Felix, the fault was mine; but Eugene's
mind is replete with honour, and he has made me a pro-
felyte. O Sir! he has my affections. I here return to
my obedience, with hopes a son of your's will never accept
my hand, when my heart is possessed by another.

Sir Fel. Refused a fine girl rather than violate the ties
of honour and gratitude!—My Eugene! my son! take
the blessing of a father; for now I with pride acknowledge
you.

Eug. (*To Compton.*) Sir!—

Com. 'Tis true, Eugene. Sir Felix claims your filial
duty.

Eug. I'm surpris'd!

Sir Fel. Yes, I love to surprise people.

Lau. Dear Sir! (*To Sir Felix.*) your blessing and for-
giveness. [Kneeling.

Sir Fel. Kneel there, Laura. His right is prior to mine.

Lau. Mr Compton!—

Com. Yes, Laura, in me you behold an affectionate pa-
rent; but next to heaven you owe your thanks to that
benevolent man.

Mrs C. Well, I'll be revenged if it cost me half the
cheese in my shop.

Sir Fel. Stay, widow. Egad! I've surpris'd you. Sup-
pose you surprise me in turn, and marry the attorney?

Mrs

Mrs C. I own Mr Chicane is an honest man, but—
 Sir Fel. Honest! Take him home.—Bring an honest attorney over London Bridge with you, and you'll surprise all Tooley-street.

Enter Lingo.

Lin. I hear of a wedding going to be, Domine Felix, therefore I will write a Latin Epitaph for the pair of bridegrooms, wherein I'll provoke the patronage of Cupid, Thomas a Becket, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and Helley O'Gabalus.

Sir Fel. Let me have no more of your damn'd God-freys and Gabalusses. Lay the cloth and surprise us with a good wedding supper.

Aug. A wedding! Is it possible——

Sir Fel. Yes, boy, possible; ay, and probable too. I've surpris'd you with the girl of your heart, and a good fortune. Is not this an Agreeable Surprise.

FINALE.

Sir F. A kiss, my girl! your hand my boy!
 There now each anxious trouble ends.
 Yet be it still my greatest joy
 With blessings to surprise my friends.

CHORUS.

Each jovial heart be pleas'd this night;
 What blessing in good-humour lies!
 And prospects yield more sweet delight,
 By an Agreeable Surprise.

Leu. In purest robes of radiant light,
 Diana, Ceres, Hymen, come!
Aug. You've blest'd the day, so crown the night,
 Our birth day, wedding, harvest home!
 Each jovial heart, &c.

Mrs C. Great Rustlissity now no more,
 Nor Russian princess here incog!
 But widow Cheshire as before,
 And for a husband still a-gog!
 Each jovial heart, &c.
Com.

Com. Uncertain yet our poet's fate,
'Tis your award must fix his doom !
Applaud ! with joy he'll celebrate
Our birth day, wedding, harvest home !

Lin. For omne bene he applies,
He's *Dead-Alive* in critic's paw ;
Forgive th' *Agreeable Surprise*,
And spare him for his *Son-in-law*.

C H O R U S.

Each jovial heart be pleas'd this night,
What blessing in good-humour lies !
And prospects yield more sweet delight,
By an Agreeable Surprise.

F I N I S.

